



1707 c. 63

**“PUNCH” DRAWINGS BY F. H. TOWNSEND**







*Th. H. Townsend*

*Townsend Photograph by F. R. Jones*

# "PUNCH" DRAWINGS BY F. H. TOWNSEND

WITH A FOREWORD BY  
J. BERNARD PARTRIDGE



LONDON



*H. H. Howard*

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## FOREWORD

**B**ECAUSE the pen has always been to me a stubborn implement for the expression of either form or thought, I charge myself with a measure of temerity in undertaking to write a few words about my late colleague by way of introduction to this selection from his work: yet for that temerity I may perhaps, as *doyen* of the *Punch* staff, plead, if not authority, excuse.

It must have been somewhere in the middle "eighties," when, I think, he was still a student in the Lambeth School of Art, that I was first attracted by Townsend's work. I was then drawing for the *Lady's Pictorial*, and I recall with pride that I had some hand in inducing the Editor, Mr. Alfred Gibbons, a man who had an unerring *flair* for effective work, to add Townsend to the band of young artists he had collected to his service. Dudley Hardy, Maurice Greiffenhagen, James F. Sullivan (of *British Workman* fame), "Mars," Pilotelle, Fred Pegram, and myself were all regular contributors: we all looked on Gibbons as a very Mæcenas among editors, and I think he got from us the best we had to give.

From those early days I watched Townsend's progress, and it is curious to note, while his powers of observation ripened and his style shed something of formality, how little the slick dexterity of his essential method changed: it was crystallized from the outset. Nor can one readily read into it the informing influence of any particular master. I suspect Schlittgen, of *Fliegende Blätter*, of having influenced him as much as anyone in those early days; perhaps, too, one may catch here and there an echo of Reinhart, the American: but in the main Townsend's work, though he was a close student of the things that other men produced, was too individual to owe more than a borrowed hint or two to anyone.

The residual quality that I find in that work, as I found it in the man, is unconquerable gaiety. Joyousness, sanity, and sureness of his power were

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explicit in all he did. Look at any of these drawings that I have here selected: there is no hesitancy anywhere, nor affectation: the theme is set down firmly and with conviction: the witty line, now crisp and decisive, now blond and rippling, flickers in and out of it and plays about it jauntily, suffusing the page with that silvery sparkle of which he held the secret.

Problems did not daunt him. He hurled himself, as it were with a whoop of joy, on difficulties that many of us would shrink from, attacking and defeating them with every appearance of ingenuous ease: one would almost say that the more complicated and difficult his problem, the more he gloated over the task of setting its solution on paper. Like *der Breitmann*, he sought to

"Solf der infinite  
Ash von eternal shpree."

The thing he abhorred was banality: he told me once that as Art Editor he had "no use for drawings of two yokels leaving out their h's in bright sunlight"—which seems to me a very happy summary of a certain type of machine-made drawing. Nevertheless, his equipment lacked something of imaginative vision, and this I think is the reason why his cartoons are perhaps the least successful part of his output. The solemnity of the cartoon was often irksome to him. He had, I know, little sympathy with Tenniel's austere classicism, and even of Sambourne, that scarcely appreciated wizard who coaxed an intractable line into eloquence—almost fluidity—he was merely tolerant. Hence it is natural that where a certain grandiosity of treatment was indicated, he should have done himself something less than justice; but whenever his subject was one that might "come funny," as he phrased it, he would tackle it with impish zest, and produce a page compact of boisterous frolic.

It is this same trend of his outlook that makes his Parliamentary sketches in some ways his most interesting achievement. Here, with light heart and light hand, he could give his fancy full rein. The sheer



## Foreword

delicious joviality of these trifles is the natural effusion of his boyish personality and vital impulse: he rollicks among the politicians in the festal spirit of some roguish puppy. The portraiture is always full of intuition; often grotesque, but never acrid. Once he lent me some of his Parliamentary sketch-books: they were crammed with rough notes—not suhtly searching studies such as that prince of caricaturists, Léandre, produces, but vivid *aperçus* of personalities, swiftly, almost savagely summarized on the spot, in Lobby or Press Gallery, and instinct with amazing vitality.

He was prolific of ideas, and very rapid in putting them on paper. Sitting next to him at our weekly dinner I have delighted to watch him scribbling on the back of a menu card some notion for a cartoon or political sketch. The heads and figures were often mere ovoid forms, but they were vivid with meaning, and a sense of construction controlled his slightest note. A few slashing lines on the card with his left hand, and the pencil would be shot over to the right, an explanatory legend inscribed, and the thing was done. Phil May, too, another of my neighbours at the *Punch* table, was fond of jotting down stray fancies on his menu card; but while his touch was even more sure than Townsend's he always drew with more deliberation and elaboration, and what he did was always a learned and completed sketch.

It is, however, in the third department of his *Punch* work—his “social” drawings—that Townsend's skill will probably be most acclaimed, and on them, I think, his fame will ultimately rest. Though not dowered with the delicate distinction of Du Maurier, or the more rugged strength of Keene, he yet holds an honoured place in Mr. Punch's pages by virtue of his conspicuous gifts in the grasp of character and the presentation of action.

Such types as the “flapper,” the shop-girl, the suburban “blood,” the small tradesman, the pompous profiteer and the like, he sets before us with a penetration and precision that few others have approached. And with what an engaging suavity of line he draws his pretty woman! How tenderly he analyses her gait and action, how

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lovingly his touch lingers over the eloquences of hands and feet! He revels in the subtleties of arrested gesture, of turgid movement: these things he understood and interpreted to perfection. He was a born *illustrator*, for he did truly illumine his theme, forcing significance into every passage, wresting it from accessory figures and setting. And not least among these "socials" the drawings dealing with sport display these gifts in a very special degree. Himself an ardent devotee of golf, cricket, and fencing, he was of course peculiarly apt in recording these sports pictorially. Somewhere—not in the pages of *Punch*—I have seen some fencing sketches of his which are prodigies of flashingadroitness in the realization of rapid movement, and make the best things of Frédéric Régamey tame by comparison.

There is one other department of Townsend's activities to be touched upon. He was the first Art Editor of *Punch*, and held the post till his death; but as I hardly came into contact with him in that capacity I can say little else than that the pages of the paper during those years of his office bear patent tribute to his discriminating taste, and his ready adaptability to the *Punch* tradition.

I well recall, however, that evening in 1905 when he made his first appearance in Bouverie Street, and the astonishing ease and assurance with which he wore his new authority: most of all, the enthusiasm with which afterwards, as we shared a seat homeward on an omnibus top, he told me of the things he was planning for the paper, the new men he was going to secure, and so forth. I urged him, I remember, to lure back that elusive genius, J. F. Sullivan, to resume his fitful appearances in *Punch*, but this time with a free hand given to his quaint fancy with pen and pencil; and Townsend was confident that he could do this. I know not if the project was ever attempted, but for some reason, alas! it was never realized.

There was another occasion, too, that I recall with gratitude, when, dazed and bewildered over a cartoon, I faced something like despair; and Townsend took the loathsome thing I had produced and added to it the few touches that enabled it to make a shameful appearance

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in the weekly issue. Ah, those pangs of cartoon-making—that stand-up fight against the pitiless tyranny of Time, *à brûle-pourpoint*! I wonder if Townsend ever suffered them. I think not. As I said, he pranced among obstacles with a light heart and a sure foot: his resource was too various, the training of his eye and hand too sure, the tissue of his accoutrement too close-knit, for the chilling fear of defeat ever to enter his confident soul. Self-reliant and gay, he takes his place in the long rank of British line-workers whose record has glorified more than half a century. And what a splendid procession it is! Ford Madox Brown, Sandys, Millais, Walker, Pinwell, Boyd Houghton, Mahoney, Green, Small—*erant autem gigantes in diebus illis*—and who will deny that *Punch* has worthily continued the noble sequence with the names of Leech, Tenniel, Sambourne, Phil May, Raven-Hill, Gunning King, Shepperson and Townsend?

We are thankful for, and proud of, the work these men achieved, the sane British dignity and grace of it all: shall we not then be jealous to safeguard the tradition they set up? But the restless disturbance of the balance of things politic reacts inevitably on things æsthetic, and so even in Art the cloven hoof of Bolshevism peeps forth, seeking to overthrow the shrines that have been hallowed for centuries, treading slime into the temple and capering obscenely in the holy places. And see the idols that are set up! Nature is no more to be the Mother Goddess. Art is to be no more, as we were told, the expression of her through a temperament, but a temperament expressed in terms of—anything but Nature.

The subjective proposition is to be forced on us at all cost. *Ars est ostentare artificem* is the motto to be hoisted—the portrait shall reveal, not the soul of the sitter, but the soul of the painter—naught else avails. The *précieux* from his little pulpit used to prate sneeringly of the “painted anecdote,” not seeing that thereby he was sneering at pictorial art throughout the ages: because littleness of theme may sometimes be linked to titanic accomplishment, he shrieked that theme was an excrescence in Art, was even an offence: yet now in these mad times behold

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the painted anecdote is acclaimed once more, but it must be the anecdote of the painter's emotion!

The outlook of the child, naïf and aspiring, is the only true ideal, and so forsooth the man of experience must scourge his vision back into the pose of immaturity, thus branding himself pseudo-naïf and retrograde! And to set the fitting crown on the grim farce, the photographer thrusts himself smirking into this mad orgy of challenge and distortion, dubbing himself artist, and his snap-shot a "study."

All these things, we know, are set down as solecisms in the very primer of Art; yet heresy stalks ever more widely abroad, and scoffs at the truths of the ages. And till the balance swings back to normality, as it must, we can but stand apart, grieve and endure.

*Edward Tarkenton.*



[*"A great-granddaughter of Fielding's has revised Tom Jones for home personal."—Daily Paper.*]

If the Descendants of other Last-Century Novelists show the same enterprise, we shall have Nursery Scenes as above.

*F. H. Townsend's first drawing for "Punch," Jan. 2, 1897.*

# "PUNCH" DRAWINGS

BY

F. H. TOWNSEND



WOMAN—EVER UNREASONABLE.

"Hands up! or I fire!!"



A BIG PILL.

"What is it, my Pet?"

"Oh, Mam—Mummy—I dreamt I'd swallowed myself. Have I?"



THE NATIONAL GAME. OUR VILLAGE CRICKET CLUB.

We had Thirty Seconds left before the time for drawing stumps. Our two last Men were in, and we wanted one Run to tie and two to win. It was the most exciting Finish on record.



#### OUR EVENING ART CLASSES HAVE COMMENCED.

*Mr. X. (our dear Professor, who always puts things so tellingly): "In conclusion, I can only repeat what I said last Term—It's all light and shade, Ladies, whether you're painting a battle-piece, a bunch of grapes, or a child in prayer!"*



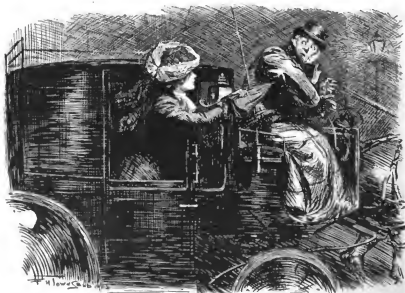
#### SWEEPING ASSERTION.

*"The other night, at the Novelty Theatre, Mrs. Vere-Jones was gowned in a clinging black velvet, with a cloak of same handsomely trimmed with ermine."—Extract from Society Journal.*



IN COUNTY CLARE.

"Glory to goodness! Sure 'tis a motor-car. Where's me coat? Bad scan to it, it's over yonder on me spade. Niver mind, darlint, I'll put me waistcoat over your purty face the way ye won't see the great murtherin' spitherin' devil."



"Cabman! Cabman!! Surely you're going out of your way?"

"Bless me, Mam, you give me quite a turn! I'd forgotten all about yer, and was driving tack to the Stables."



## OUR VILLAGE CRICKET CLUB.

At our opening match, Spinner, the demon left-hander, was again in great form. His masterly skill in placing the field, and his sound knowledge of the game, really won the match for us.



"About three feet nine to the right, please, Colonel—that is to say, your right. That's it. Back a little, just where the buff Orpington's feeding. Thanks."



"You, Mr. Stewart, by this thistle. Just to save the one, you know."



His ruses were magnificent. When the Squire came in, Spinner (who had previously held a private consultation with the other bowler) shouted, "You won't want a fine leg for this man. Put him deep and square." And then—



The Squire was neatly taken first ball off a glance at fine leg by Spinner himself, who had crossed over (exactly as arranged) from his place at slip.



#### A HEARTY APPRECIATION.

(A Ducal Surprise Visit to the Yearlings.)

First Stable Boy. "Chats away just like an ordinary—no side about he!"

Second Stable Boy (earnestly). "Yes—and abt—so somany!"



#### OUR VILLAGE CRICKET CLUB.

The Squire said he could produce a team to beat the Village on Bank Holiday. It was certainly a close thing. When Colonel Blaise, their last man, came in, they were only five runs behind. Spinner then played a bold game. He took himself off, and put on a slow bowler with a most ghastly break from the leg, and, by Jove! the Colonel was caught off his glove first ball. Some of the fellows heard him saying, as he glanced round after taking centre, that he had never seen the field placed so ridiculously when he was at Eton.



"TOO OLD AT FORTY?"

Mr. Punch, having heard a rumour that a certain American Professor is alleged to have said that a man is "too old at forty," begs to inform his patrons that he personally, at the age of sixty-four, is going as strong as ever—as shown in the monthly record of his prowess. Thus—in JANUARY he won the Waltzing Competition at Prince's.



FIRST NIGHT OF AN UNAPPRECIATED  
MELODRAMA.

He. "Are we alone?"

Voice from the Gallery. "No, Guv'nor; but you will be to-morrow night."



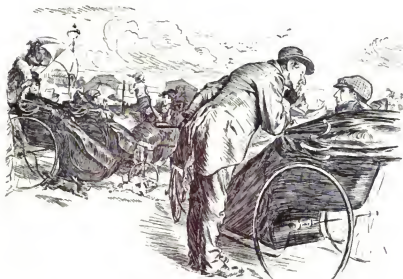
*Little Albert (always thirsting for knowledge). "Uncle, do they pronounce that ricochaying or ricocherting?"*



#### DUTY FIRST.

*Her Ladyship (who is giving a Servants' Ball) to Butler.* "We shall begin with a square dance, and I shall want you, Wilkins, to be my partner."

*Wilkins.* "Certainly, m'Lady; and afterwards I presoom we may dance with 'oom we like?"



## INTRODUCTION MADE EASY.

*Invalid-Chair Attendant.* "If you should have a fancy for any partickler party, I can easily bump 'em."



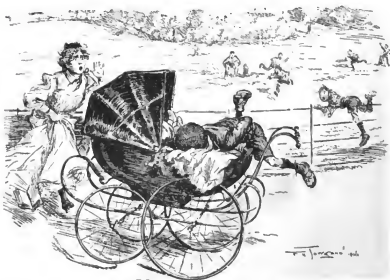
An Early Morning Soapshot in the Seburbs. Mr. Bumpus dresses his window.



THE DESCENT TO MAN.

"Are you aware, Sir, that your dog has bitten this child?"

"Well, the boy's been aggravating him; and, after all, the dog's only human!"



Boy (reassuringly). "It's all right, Miss. I'm only looking for our cricket-ball!"



*Nurse (to fond mother of celebrated musical prodigy).  
 'Please, Mum, is Master Willy to 'ave 'is morning sleep, or  
 go on wiv 'is Sixteenth Symphery?'*



#### MELODRAMA IN THE SUBURBS.

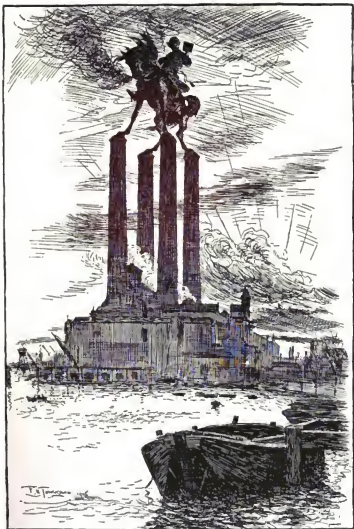
*Elder Sister. "Do give up, Nellie! They're only acting."  
 Nellie (tearfully), "You leave me alone. I'm enjoying it!"*



Lock-keeper (hearing a squeaky rowlock, and looking out for a tip). "Shall I put some grease on your Skull, Sir?"

"Grease on my Skull? No, thanks. I've tried everything."





[Sir William Bull, M.P., is anxious to form in the metropolis a Society for Completing Modern Buildings. "Look," he says, "at the Thames Embankment, with its pedestals for sculptors, and not one filled in, except the space which I got occupied by the Boudicca group"]

It is hoped that Chelsea, with its Artists' Quarter, will take advantage of the magnificent opportunity offered by the four Chimneys of the Generating Station. Why not an Equestrian Statue of Carlyle, reading his own works?



*Billiard Enthusiast (having mistaken his room at the hotel, holding on to knobs of bed). "Which do you prefer, Sir? Spot or plain?"*



*"Mummy, what's that Man for?"*



*Policeman.* "Where did you get that bag?"

*Bill Sikes (indignantly).* "There you are! Nice thing, in a free country, that a man can't have a quiet hundred up without the Police interfering!"



"Johnny, doesn't your conscience tell you that you are doing wrong?"

"Yes, Mother, but Father said I wasn't to believe everything I heard."

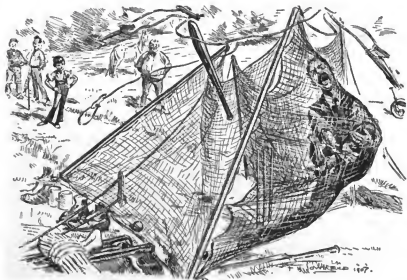


THE ALTRUISTIC TOUCH.

*Lady Bountiful.* "Oh, dear Miss Smith, do send me some of your priceless little sketches for my rummage sale on the 26th."



*Funny Man.* "Pardon me, Sir, but wouldn't you find it more convenient to carry a watch?"



#### OUR VILLAGE CRICKET CLUB. PRACTICE BEGINS.

We don't think he had a grudge against the new schoolmaster—anyway Spinner did ask him if he wouldn't put on some pads.



Jones (miscalculating length of train, and jumping off with difficulty). "Sorry—I really—I beg your pardon!"  
Miss Beauchamp. "Conceded!"



A TRAGEDY OF THE GUTTER.

*Kind Lady.* "What have you lost, little boy?"

*Boy (sadly).* "Jam tart, Mum."



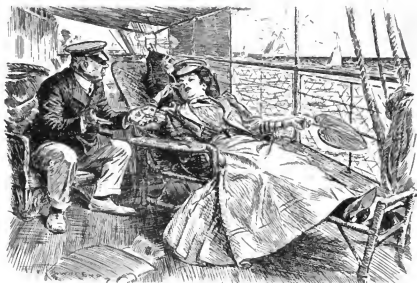
OUR VILLAGE CRICKET CLUB.

*(Spinner tries a ball or two before the First Match.)*

*Excited Chorus.* "Steady, Spinner, steady! Here comes t'other side. Don't let 'em see you bowling!"



PRECEPT AND EXAMPLE.



#### THE BULLYON-BOUNDERMERES AT COWES.

*Mr. B.-B.* "Here've I spent thousands on a yacht, because you said we must 'ave one, and now when I want you to come a trip to Norway, or somewhere, after the Regatta is over, you say you 'ate the sea, and won't be on if more than you can 'elp. What's it mean, M'ria?"

*Mrs. B.-B.* "My dear man, you don't seem to understand that I've no use for a yacht except as a short cut to the Squadron Lawn."



#### MRS. BULLYON-BOUNDERMERE'S MUSICALÉ.

*Mrs. B.-B.* (the newest of "new" hostesses, fluttered and anxious, awaits arrivals). "I do hope it will all go off well. Dear Lady Locksley has managed everything so beautifully. A Duchess and three Comtessees coming! Now, Joseph, once more and for the last time let me entreat you to talk as little as possible, and pray, pray take care of your M's."

*Mr. B.-B.* "Right you are, M'ria. I'll take care; I shan't say much more than 'Ow-d'ye-do?'"





*Butcher.* "This one, Mum?"

*Old Lady.* "No."

*Butcher.* "This one? This one?"

*Old Lady.* "No. No."

*Butcher.* "Just tell me when I'm gettin' warm, Lady!"



Now that motors are sweeping the children off the roads, the railway tracks remain their only available playground. At least you know where you are with a train.



"Sit tight, Auntie! There's another sharp turn coming!"



RURAL INDEPENDENCE.

Vicar. "A Happy New Year to you, Giles."

Giles. "Right O!"





Conjuror (to Harry, who has kindly stepped up to assist with the card tricks). "Now, Sir, you know what a pack of cards is?"

Harry (determined not to be made a fool of). "I know what a pack of cards are!"



Financier. "So you're thinking of painting pictures? If you take my advice, you'll paint like Reynolds. There's money in it!"



#### A COUNSEL OF PERFECTION.

"Egg-spoons, Annie! Egg-spoons! When you lay eggs, always lay spoons too!"



"Whit way hae ye gi'en ower smokin', Donal'?"

"Weel, it's no sich a pleasure after a', for ye ken a buddy's ain tobaccy costs ower muckle; and if ye're smokin' anither buddy's, ye hae to ram yer pipe sae tight it'll no draw."



# GOOD OUT OF EVIL.

*Charlie (caught helping himself in Giles's orchard).  
"Jove; I'm not leaving this farmer behind as I ought  
to. I shall have to give up smoking!"*



# AND YET THEY EXPECT THE VOTE!

*Caddy. "Say, Miss, we're just going to drive on to that green."*

*Aunty. "Oh, thank the gentleman so much for sending you to tell us! 'Then we shall have a beautiful view!'"*



*Impatient American (after an hour's pause).* "Say, Guard, what in thunder are we waiting for? What time d' we pull out anyway?"

*Guard (who has survived two generations of hustlers).* "That all depends, Sir."

*American.* "Depends on what?"

*Guard (judicially).* "Ah, Sir, that again depends!"



*Amiable Old Gentleman (wedging himself in centre of seat of railway carriage).* "We are packed to-night like sardines."

*Fat Neighbour (unsociably).* "Sardine yourself!"



AN ADEPT.

Scene.—Underground, Hammersmith Station.

Scotch Aunt (initiating niece into the mysteries of the modern Babylon). "They'll be haein' a dance in London the night."



PRIDE OF COUNTRY.

French Socialist. "Does it not make your blood boil, my friend, to see all these rich people?"

Bill (down on his luck). "Frenchman, ain't yer?"

Socialist. "Yea."

Bill. "Yon ain't got 'orses like that in Paris, I bet."





#### THE EXCLUSIVES.

*North Pole (to South Pole).* "Hallo! Are you there? I say, old man, they nearly had you that time."

*Voice from South Pole.* "Yes, I know. There'll soon be no such thing as privacy."

[With Mr. Punch's best compliments to Lieutenant Shackleton.]



"And, Professor, are your lectures such as I could safely take my daughter to?" "Mais si, Madame."  
 "Ah, then I hardly think they are what I am looking for."



*Old Lady.* "Porter! porter! Did I give you the wrong half just now?"



THE BARMAID QUESTION.  
Side Lights on Front Views.



Boy (having blown for taxi). "Here, I don't want you. I blew once twice."  
Cabby. "Oh, I thought you blew twice once."



#### OUR NERVY DEGENERATES.

*Professional (giving a lesson on the first green). "Now take your Cleek, Sir—there's nobody about—and try a few shots back to the Tee!"*

*Algy. "Ugh! horrible! couldn't do it—it's like stroking Velvet the wrong way!"*



#### OUR VILLAGE CRICKET CLUB.

*Excited and confident Chorus. "HOW'S THAT?"*

*Umpire. "I wasn't looking—do it again."*



**OUR VILLAGE CRICKET CLUB: PRACTICE BEGINS.**

The visit of the Australians has given a fresh impetus to local effort.



Study, showing how only the willowy type is likely to survive the stress of modern traffic.

**FOOTBALL RESULTS.**

Amid the rush and roar of our modern Babylon, it is always beautiful to go apart and commune with some twin soul upon the themes which give a meaning to life.



#### THE RULING PASSION.

*Fair Bridge Enthusiast (as nervous Corate shuffles his notes before giving out the text). "I'm afraid, dear, he's going to make it spades."*



#### CONSOLATION.

*Wife of Belated Foxhunter. "Oh, Perkins, what do you think can have happened to Sir John? Surely if he'd been thrown and hurt the mare would have found her way home by now?"*

*Coachman. "Oh, no, Mam—a nice gentle animal like 'er would have browsed round the body until it was found."*



### THE WARRIOR'S RETURN.

*Time*—January 10, Evening, after the issue of Writ.

*Chatelaine.* "Will my lord again ride forth to break the heathen on the microw?"

*Noble Earl.* "Nay, henceforth I must e'en watch the bloody fray from the home turret."





## BALM.

"Speak, Saunders, speak! Don't you know me? I'm your *Landlord*!"



## A CHILD OF EARTH.

Grannie (after seeing an aeroplane for the first time). "Ah, well, this flying in the air is very wonderful, but I like old England best, after all."



"Father."

"Well, what is it?"

"It says here, 'A man is known by the company he keeps.' Is that so, Father?"

"Yes, yes, yes."

"Well, Father, if a good man keeps company with a bad man, is the good man bad because he keeps company with the bad man, and is the bad man good because he keeps company with the good man?"



"THE LITTLE MORE, AND HOW MUCH IT IS!"

"Play up! play up for the big prizes! Ten, ten, nine—twenty-nine points. 'Ard lines, Sir. If you'd got thirty you'd have won a gold watch. M'ria, give the gentleman a bag o' nuts."



### THE COLOUR QUESTION.

*British Workman (to German Comrade).* "My poor friend, I hear that under your fiscal system you are reduced to eating black bread!"

*German Workman.* "My dear fellow, my heart bleeds for you. I hear that under your fiscal system you have to put up with white!"



THE OPPORTUNIST.



AN APPETISER.

*Traveller.* "But, Waiter, I only ordered two eggs. You have brought three."

*Waiter.* "I know, Sah, but I thought possibly one might fail."



**RUSTIC YORKSHIRE TAKES THE FIELD.**

*The Captain.* "Thou taks first over, Croft, and thou stumps, Blacksmith, and t'others spread yersens about i' loikely spots."



"Gentle disposition! Why, he wants to bite the head off every dog he meets. I've been swindled."

"You didn't ought to keep dogs at all, Mister. The animals you ought to keep wiv your temperament is silkworms!"



### THE TRUE ECONOMY.

*John Bull (on the Territorials).* "Fine service, what? Pity they're short of men."

*F.-M. Punch.* "Yes, my friend, and if you want your voluntary system to go on you'll have to put your hands a bit deeper into your pockets. You'll find it cheaper in the end."



THE TEUTONISING OF TURKEY.

German Kaiser. "Good bird!"



# A STAR IN ECLIPSE.

*Miss Budget.* "Ah, last year I was principal boy, and now I'm not in the bill at all!"





*Londoner (to Pat, seeing a Rugby game for the first time). "What do you think of it, Pat?"*  
*Pat. "Begorra, it 'ud be a jewel of a game if they only had shticks!"*



*Smithson Junior (as the homily ends and the real business is about to start). "Please, Sir, is it sterilised?"*



William Shakespeare dictates two Plays and a Sonnet simultaneously.

(Tableau arranged by the Express Typewriting Bureau.)



Eleanor of Castile inoculates Edward of England against the Effects of Poisoned Daggers, Arrows, etc.

(Tableau arranged by Sir Almroth Wright.)

IF THEY HAD LIVED IN THE DAYS OF GOOD KING GEORGE.



#### THE BLIND SIDE.

German Officer. "Glad to hear you're going to fortify your sea-front. Very dangerous people, these English."

Dutchman. "But it will cost much."

German Officer. "Ah, but see what you save on the Eastern frontier, where there's nobody but us!"



#### THE COUNTESS AND THE TAXI-DRIVER.

Receiving this drawing by mistake, our Feuilletoniste, Miss Victoria Glynn, wrote round it as follows:—"Glueing her lips to his, 'Fly, Albert,' she cried: 'I bear my father's 22-cylinder in pursuit in Belgrave Square.'" But the author was in error. It is really an illustration for our "Shopping Column," and the words are simply, "Stop at the Metropolitan Fur Stores—third on the right past Bond Street."



"Aunt Mary, this is my friend, Mr. Spiffkins."

"I'm sorry, I didn't quite catch the name."

"Mr. Spiffkins."

"I'm really very deaf; would you mind repeating it?"

"Mr. Spiffkins."

"I'm afraid I must give it up—it sounds to me just like 'Spiffkins.'"

"Signs are not lacking that there is a widespread revolt, among our more serious sisters, against the reckless extravagance of the last two years."—*Fashion Notes.*



Miss Kensington Goare, after her late orgie of buttons,



Now does it in one.



Uncle George (up in London for the Festival of Empire).  
"Remarkable progress since I was a boy—wonderful facilities  
—march of science! Four two five two Western, please, Miss."



#### A VERY-NEAR-EAST QUESTION.

*Mr. Punch (in the Green Park).* "Look here, my boy, this is where we're going to have a statue of King Edward."

*Boy.* "We could do wiv' one of 'em down at Shadwell, Mister, and a park to put it in."

*Mr. Punch.* "You should have both, if I had my way."

[There is a strong movement in favour of devoting a part of the King Edward Memorial Fund to the creation of a Public Park beside the river on the site of the disused fish-market at Shadwell, a neighbourhood that stands in great need of open spaces; and to the setting-up of a statue to preserve the memory of his late Majesty among a population not less loyal than that of West London.]



*Umpire (whose favourite bowler has been knocked out of bounds). "You know, young gentleman, that wasn't a ball to hit."*  
*Batsman. "No? I desay you're right. It does seem to have given a lot of trouble."*



*Reporter (attending fashionable wedding). "Can you find me a seat?—the Press."*  
*Verger. "I'm afraid not, Sir—the squash."*



Macpherson (about to drive at the eighteenth tee, and breaking the silence which has been maintained since the start).  
 "Dor-r-r-my."  
 Macphail. "Chatter-r-r-box!"



LE MOT JUSTE.

"I regret, Madam, that we do not stock 'Bine Danube' Soap."  
 "We can obtain it for you, Madam."

"Can you get it for me?"



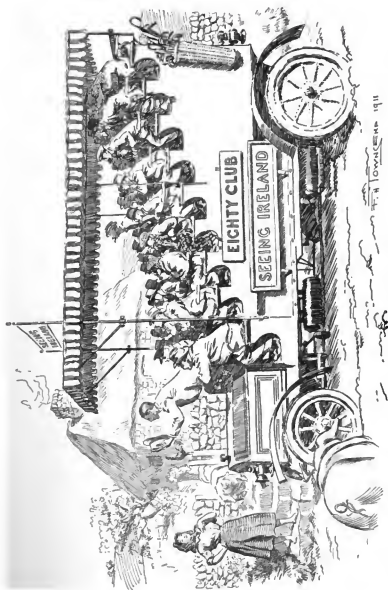


"OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT."

"Methought, I heard a voice cry, 'Sleep no more!'"

Still it cried, 'Sleep no more!' to all the house."

(*Macbeth, Act II., Scene I.*)



"A SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY."

Member of Eighty Club (to Gay and Prosperous Damsel). "Could you kindly tell me where we can find a poor, distressed woman of the name of Erin? We've been hunting for her everywhere."

Gay and Prosperous Damsel. "Sure, 'tis myself. Y'e know."



# THE WELSH NATIONAL STEEPLECHASE.

"'Old woman, old woman, whither so high?'"

"'To sweep the steeples off the sky.'"



*English Golfer* "I say, Count, you've played my ball!"    *M. le Conte.* "Mille pardons, M'sieur. 'Av one of mine."



*Naturalist* (to lady enquiring about a stuffed canary).  
"Would you mind shutting the door, Ma'am? We don't  
trouble about it as a rule, but there's a small snake got  
loose."



Smithson (who has been giving his partner "a rattlin' good time"). "We seem to get on awfully well. We must have some more."



"Of course you've heard of Mrs. Silas P. Blick, the Mrs. Malaprop of America?"  
"Why, yes; but I had no idea she'd been married before."



## TIBET GO BRAGH!

*Mr. Redmond (to the Grand Lama of Tibet). "As one oppressed nation to another, Ireland's heart goes out to you your passionate loyalty to the principles of Home Rule!"*



"Oh, Ma'am, Ma'am. I've swallowed a safety-pin."  
 "So that's where my safety-pins go, is it?"



#### MORE LABOUR UNREST.

*First Employee (discussing the Principal).* "If you get in 'er bad books she 'as got a spite."

*Second Employee.* "Yes, it don't matter what you do, you've done it, although it's got nothing to do with you."



# RETRIBUTION.

Mr. A., who claims to have done more for the cycle and motor-car industry than any man, has been ordered walking exercise by his doctor. This is his first Saturday afternoon in a Northern suburb.



First Music-Hall Artist (watching Mr. J. M. Barrie's "The Twelve-Pound Look" from the wings).  
 "I like this yer sketch; the patter's so good. 'Oo wrote it?"  
 Second Music-Hall Artist. "Bloke called Barrie, I think."  
 First Music-Hall Artist. "Art for 'is address. 'E writes our next."





### THE GREAT TRAM v. MOTOR-BUS QUESTION.

*The Motor-Bus (triumphantly).* "There you are, look at me! I don't have to run in a silly old groove. I can go where I like."

The Cocos-makers at Bourneville seem to have a good time [see Advtn.] but this is nothing to the blissful life of the makers of *Punch*. The following tracings from photographs cannot lie.



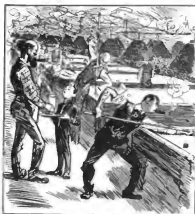
The *Punch* Compositors' Polo-ground.



The *Punch* Pleasance (Whitefriars).



The *Punch* Typists' Swimming-bath in the Garden at the back of Bouverie Street.



The *Punch* Proof-readers' Billiard-room—sixty tables.



If a *Punch* employée marries, her bridal dress is given by the firm, and mannequins from Pucille's attend and the blushing maid makes her choice.



# STILL ANOTHER INJUSTICE.

*Wee Tactotal McGregor.* "Excuse me, Madam, me first."

[The Temperance (Scotland) Bill will occupy two days of the new Session before the House Rule Bill can come on.]



### NOW OR NEVER.

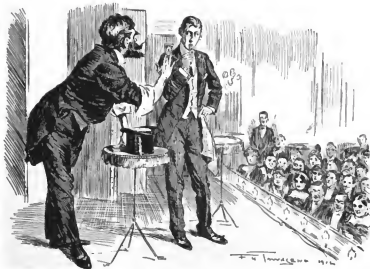
*English Opera.* "I do wish I could think there was a home for me here."

[A number of eminent British musicians have pointed out that the present moment is a golden opportunity of establishing National Opera on a permanent basis by the purchase of the Kingsway Opera-house.]



## THE LOOKER-ON.

*La Tricoteuse (Mr. John Redmond). "Ça marche, begorra!"*



*Confuser.* "Now, Sir, you admit that the card you have just taken out of the handkerchief is the Queen of Clubs, yet the card you chose and securely tied there, namely, the Ace of Spades, I now produce from this hat."

*Timid Volunteer.* "So sorry—my mistake."



*Harassed Hostess.* "Do you dance, or are you a walnut?"



*Lynx-eyed Hubert (appearing, as usual, from nowhere). "Excuse me, Sir, but I think it my duty as a Scout to inform you that you have a smat on your nose."*



*Our Demon Tangoist (to fair stranger, to whom he has just been introduced). "What's doin'? What's doin'? Will you shout?"*

*Fair Stranger. "How about number fifteen?"*

*Demon Tangoist. "Nothin' doin', nothin' doin'. Shout again."*

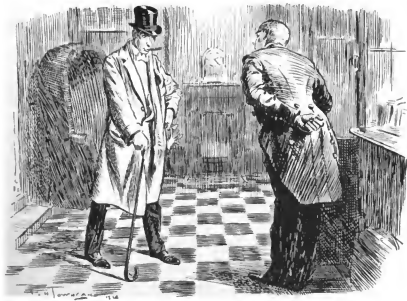


SHELTERING THE NEW YEAR.





*Delicate Lady (witnessing leap for life by old gentleman who has no time to escape except by springing on bonnet of on-reshing car). "Dreadful man, doing those tricks, and me with a weak heart!"*



*Club Hall porter. "Good night, Sir; and no step at the door."*



GENTILITY IN OUR GARDEN SUBURB.

"Just think of it, Mrs. Brown has got the telephone fixed. I wouldn't have one."

"Why not?"

"You have to associate with anybody."



Tramp (mistaking garden suburb householder for one of his own profession). "You're wasting your time, Charlie. The last time I clipped that 'edge I was rewarded with three 'a-pence, a cup o' tea nearly warm and a pair o' cycling knickers I wouldn't be seen dead in."



## OUT OF COMMISSION.

Lord Haldane (back from his lightning tour). "Quick, tell me, how is England?"  
 The Great Seal. "Splendid! Why, we've hardly had time to miss you."



#### THE WUNDERKIND.

*Admiral von Tirpitz.* "I have thrown cold water, Majesty, on Mr. Churchill's holiday scheme. I trust that I have rightly interpreted the view of the Crown Prince."



"I'm sorry to trouble you, Madam, but you are directly on the line of our drive. Will you kindly move one way or the other?"

"Certainly not. I heard you shout very rudely, but I've no intention of moving. I should have thought that a gentleman, when he saw me here, would play the other way."



#### ACIDULATED GOLF.

"Don't know how to play this, Caddie!"

"Why, you've got a grand line, Sir. Follow the S. The other gentleman's bunkered in the E."



OUR GARDEN SUBURB—ITS DARK SIDE.

*Jones (unwarrantably suspecting another unneighbourly action).* "Annie, just run next door and tell Mr. Simpkins I am perfectly capable of watering my own lawn, and I shall be much obliged if he will have the decency to keep his hose playing within his own boundaries."



*Farmer (in position of absolute safety at "square leg," to golfer who has just driven).* "Ere, young feller, yer didn't ought to 'it yer ball when I'm as close as this!"

*Golfer.* "Do you know anything at all about the game of golf?"

*Farmer.* "Yes, I do. I was once 'it in the stomach!"



#### THE TRIBUTE OF ENVY.

*Madame la République (singing). "J'ai fait sauter mon ministère."*

*Mr. Bonar Law (to Lord Lansdowne). "Admirable woman! They order these things better in France."*



#### THE LAND "CAMPAIGN."

Scoutmaster Asquith (to Scout George of the "Pheasant" Patrol). "What have you to report?"

Scout George. "The enemy is on our side, Sir."

Scoutmaster Asquith. "Then let the battle begin!"

[ "Whatever can be done to improve the lot of the agricultural will have the Opposition's cordial support."—*Pall Mall Gazette*. ]





### OUR GARDEN SUBURB—ITS BRIGHT SIDE.

Mr. and Mrs. Hogarth-Jenkins, 89, Ruskin Close, and Mr. and Mrs. Derwent-Potts, 90, Ruskin Close.  
LAWN TENNIS.

AT HOME—July 3rd, 2.30 to 6.

R.S.V.P. to either address.



### UNDER MARTIAL LAW.

"Now mind, Mary, if a sentry asks you who you are, you must immediately answer, 'Friend.'"  
"Yes, 'm, but what am I to say if he asks me how baby is?"



THE THREATENED AGRICULTURAL MILLENNIUM.

Departing Year, "'Do I sleep, do I dream? . . .  
Or is visions about?'"



## THE EARTHLY PARADISE.

Coster. "See that, Liz? There's a country for you!"



## A SEA CHANGE.

Tory Chorus (to Winston). "You've made me love you; I didn't want to do it."



AN INTELLIGENT NUMBER-PLATE.



*Sympathetic Friend* (to gloomy batsman, disgusted at being given out for a catch at the wicket). "Wot's wrong, Bill? Was it daftful?" *Batsman*. "Daftful! I should think it was daftful! I could 'ardly 'ear it myself."



*First Caddie.* "Does it make yer dizzy lookin' down these 'oles?"  
*First Caddie.* "Then why don't you go to the pin sometimes?"

*Second Caddie.* "No."



*Reclining Nut.* "I don't bother to hold the girls now-a-days, I just let 'em nestle."



THE LIBERAL CAVE-MEN;  
OR, A HOLT FROM THE BLUE.

*Harassed Chancellor.* "It's not so much for my feet that I mind—they've hardened against this kind of thing; but I do hate rocks on my head."



**BRAVO, BELGIUM!**





Our dear old friend, the foreign spy (cunningly disguised as a golfer), visits our youngest suburb one Saturday afternoon in quest of further evidence of our lethargy, general decadence and falling birth-rate. He gets a shock and at once telegraphs to his Commander-in-Chief urging that the conquest of the British Isles be undertaken before the present generation is many years older.



*Kindly Hostess (to nervous reciter who has broken down in "The Charge of the Light Brigade"). "Never mind, Mr. Tompkins, just tell as it in your own words."*



**TYPICAL SPRING BLOSSOMS IN OUR GARDEN SUBURB.**



APT NOMENCLATURE IN OUR GARDEN SUBURB.



AU REVOIR !



#### IN THE SEARCHLIGHT.

*Mabel (with a brother in the Anti-aircraft Corps). "Mother, they think she's a Zeppelin."*



#### CRICKET AIDS JUSTICE.

*Cross-examining Counsel.* "Now, my lad, be very careful. You have stated that you saw the hay-rick on fire, and that, five minutes afterwards, you saw 'Beefy' Saunders riding his bicycle along the Petersfield Road. Now, there are two brothers Saunders, Harry and Alfred, aged 17 and 16 respectively. When you say 'Beefy Saunders,' which of the Brothers Saunders do you mean?"

*Witness.* "Im wiv a ghastly break from the ort."



### FOR THE WOUNDED.

Published on the 7th of April, prior to a sale at Messrs. Christie's, when over 1,500 generous donors (including the King) presented art treasures and relics of unique historical interest to be sold for the benefit of the British Red Cross Society and the Order of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem.



WORDS—AND DEEDS.



Tommy (who has just caught an intruder and is asphyxiating it). "Nah, then, what abah! yer bloomin' respirator?"



"Yes, Sir, these Zeppelin raids—words can't describe 'em. They're—well, if I might coin a word, Sir—I think they're 'orrible!'"



THE REFINING INFLUENCE OF WAR.

The Victor. "Now, I s'pose I got to give you first aid."



Sergeant (drilling company). "Left—Right—Left—Right—Left—Left—Left—"

Mother. "We must keep in step, Mollie."

Mollie. "Yes, we must. I can do the 'Left—Right,' but I can't manage the 'Left—Left.' How do they do it?"



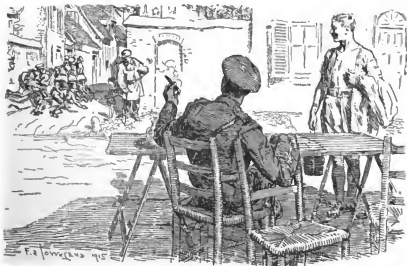


CHURCHILL S'EN VA-T-EN GUERRE.

Winston (through force of nautical habit, to Sir John French). "Come aboard, sir!"



A PUNT PATROL.



POMMES-DE-TERRE FRITES.

Officer (somewhere in France). "I say, Simpson, why are all those men rushing into that place? What are they after?"

Simpson. "They're after Bombardier Fritz, Sir."

Officer. "Who's Bombardier Fritz? Is he in the Battery?"

Simpson. "He ain't a man, Sir; he's fried potatoes."



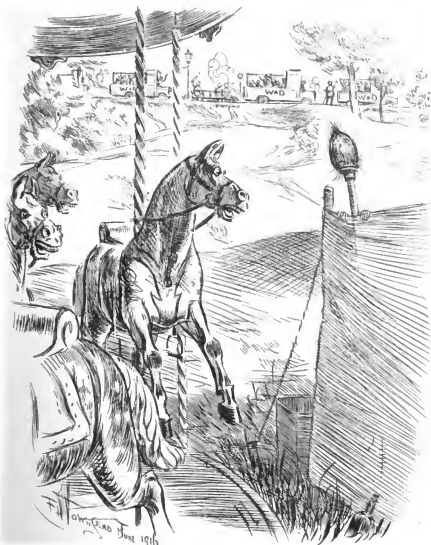
Officer (to boy of thirteen who, in his effort to get taken on as a bugler, has given his age as sixteen). "Do you know where boys go who tell lies?"  
Applicant. "To the Front, Sir."



IN DARKEST LONDON.

"Dropped anything?"  
"What are you looking for, then?"

"No."  
"Leicester Square."



## A WORKING HOLIDAY.

Coker-Nut. "Whit-Monday and nothing doing!"

Roundabout Horse. "Well, what can you expect with a war on? They've all got something better to do."



WELL DONE, THE NEW ARMY!



Tommy (on his way back from the trenches—to General's chauffeur). "Take 'er 'ome, Chawles. We're walkin'."



"By Jove! Isn't it low? I believe I could hit it with my gun!"

"Oh, please, dear, don't do anything to irritate it!"



*Exhilarated Visitor (leaving Club). "The fellow who caught that fish 's dem liar."*



*Harassed N.C.O. "Call that 'presenting arms'! If I was the King and you presented arms like that, I'd—I'd throw my hat at you!"*



### OUT OF THE LIMELIGHT.

*Crown Prince (still before Verdun). "People seem to be losing interest in my exploits. I think I shall have to carve out a fresh career as one of these submarine commercial travellers."*





ITALY'S DAY!



#### OUR SPOILT WARRIORS.

*Tommy.* "I went to a place a bit further down the road for supper last night. I don't go there again."

*Lady Muriel Beltravers-Montmorency.* "Oh, what's the matter with it?"

*Tommy.* "What's the matter with it? Why, they have paid waitresses there."



*Officer (to Tommy, who has been using the whip freely).* "Don't beat him; talk to him, man—talk to him!"

*Tommy (to horse, by way of opening the conversation).* "I come from Manchester."



GIVEN AWAY.

Boy. "Mother, we oughtn't to be in this carriage, ought we? It's first-class."

Mother. "Oh, darling, you mean we ought to be economising in war-time?"

Boy. "But, Mother, we are economising, aren't we? We've only got third-class tickets."



Patriotic Scots Lady (patrolling Victoria main-line station to assist any of her stranded countrymen arriving from the Front). "Can I help you in any way?"

Perplexed Scot. "Thank you, Mam. Is the toon far frae the station?"



### A WASTED LIFE.

Kaiser (to Count Zeppelin). "Tell me, Count, why didn't you invent something useful, like the 'tanks'?"



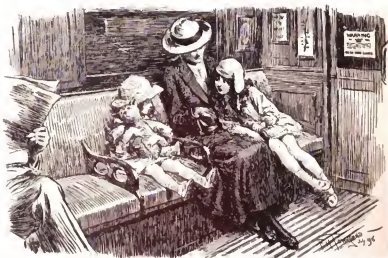
### SECOND NATURE.

*Absent-minded Colonel (as sidesmen march up to the altar with offertory). "Pick up the step there in the rear file!"*



### THE SPREAD OF KULTUR.

*Tennis-player (whose partner has sent a weak return). "Kamrad! Kamrad!!"*



Elder Sister (who has had the notice on the door explained to her). "Mabel, we're not to talk about the War."



# WAR, THE LEVELLER.

Emily Sparrow (who voluntarily does the "washing-up at our soldiers' canteen each evening from 8 to 12") "Nah, then, Lady Mountgumbery-Wilberforce, 'urry up with them plates!"



Mr. Punch's design for a frontispiece for *The Girl's Popular Educator* (War Edition).



*Keen but diminutive warrior (unable to go the pace). "I say, long-legs, you can see further down the road than I can. Am I in step with the rest?"*



#### WHEN WEST MEETS EAST.

*The Hon. D'Arcy Laburnham (come to the aid of Lady Ditchborough's side show). "Ladies and—ah—Gentlemen! This way for the—ah—coconut shy. Step this way and try—er—your luck. Coconuts all—ah—milky, what!"*





# WHAT ENGLAND DID NOT "EXPECT."

*Shade of Nelson.* "In what action did you get those wounds, my man?"

*Blue Jacket.* "Demonstration at Athens, sir."

*Nelson.* "Did our Fleet give 'em hell?"

*Blue Jacket.* "Oh no, sir. I'm told they're neutrals."



"Heavens, Sergeant, what's this?"

"That joke of mine, you know—when I ask a recruit who's been thrown, 'Who the devil asked you to dismount, Sir?' Well, here's one of the papers says it's the oldest wheeze in the world!"



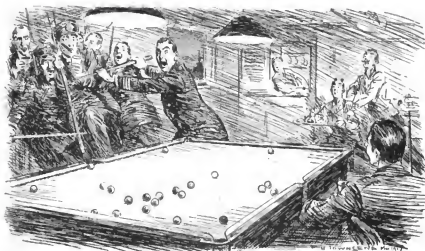
#### IN FRONT OF THE FRONT.

The Crown Prince in Paris. A little visit to the Louvre.



POTTER'S BAR.

Aunt Matilda (of Potter's Bar, who, over a dish of tea, is telling us her experience of the latest Zeppelin raid). "I diddled 'em! I diddled 'em! I put my hat on the garden hedge and ran off into the field!"



### SNOOKER POOL AFLOAT.

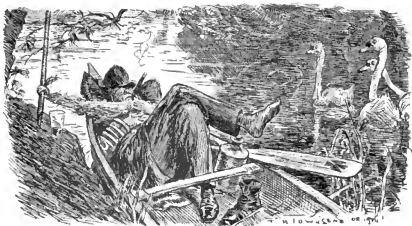
Commander (as the black he has tried to pot threatens to touch the port cushion). "List her to starboard!"



Sentry (for the second time, after officer has answered "Friend," and come up close). "Halt! Who goes there?"

Officer. "Well, what happens now?"

Sentry. "I couldn't tell you, Sir, I'm sure. I'm a stranger here myself."



Tirpitz up the Thames.



Tube Conductor. - Pass further down the car, please! Pass further down the car, please!! (In desperation) Any lady or gentleman present know the German for 'Pass further down the car'?



### THE APPLE OF DISCORD.

*Austria.* "Where did you get that?"

*Germany.* "Spoils of Roumania."

*Austria.* "Well, if it's not big enough to split you might let us have the core."

*Germany.* "'There ain't going to be no core.'"



## UNMADE IN GERMANY.

*Beilmann-Holweg.* "And to think that I, who defended the violation of Belgium, should have my honesty doubted. Surely I am frightful enough."

[The Kaiser's Chancellor has been attacked in a German pamphlet which ridicules his "silly ideas of humanity," and says that "sobody need be surprised at the rumour which is going through Germany that he has been bought by England."]



### THE COUNTERBLAST.

*Kaiser.* "Had a glorious time on the Eastern Front."

*Hindenburg.* "A little louder, All-Londest. I can't hear you for these cursed British guns in the West."





Newcomer (to veteran sanitary orderly). "Are you the reg'lar gard'ner, or just in for the day?"



Boch (downed after long Homeric combat). "Kamerad!"

Pat. "Be jabers, 'tis the word I've been thrying to remember for the last three minuts."



*Private Saunders (whose battalion, having been sent back from the front line for "rest," is compelled to spend the night in the street, its billets being still occupied by other troops—to cheery pal, who breaks into song). "Ush, Ginger, you'll give the town a bad name."*



*Harassed Decorator. "I'm very sorry, Mum, I 'aven't been able to paper your two top bedrooms. They took away my last man a week ago for the Army. Seems to me they think more of this 'ere war than they do of paper-hanging."*



"KEEP THE HOME FIRES BURNING."

SOLO BY OUR OPTIMISTIC PREMIER.



**PERFECT INNOCENCE.**

*Constable Woodrow Wilson.* "That's a very mischievous thing to do."  
*Sweden.* "Please, sir, I didn't know it was loaded."



THE LETTER AND THE SPIRIT.

Prime Minister. "You young rascal! I never said that."

Newsboy. "Well, I'll lay yer meant it."



*Stage Manager.* "The elephant's putting up a very spirited performance to-night."

*Carpenter.* "Yessir. You see, the new hind-legs is a discharged soldier, and the front legs is an out-and-out pacifist."



*Sentry.* "Halt! Who goes there?"

*Officer.* "Visiting rounds."

*Sentry.* "Advance one and recognise yerself."



# THE UNSEEN HAND.

Bill. "A teller in this here paper says as we ain't fighting the German people."

Gus. "Indeed! Does the blinkin' idiot say who we've been up against all this time?"



Charity Waiter (to visitor growing stouter every day). "I'm sure, sir, your stay here is doing you good. Why, you're twice the gentleman you were when you came."



Orderly Officer. "How many horses are here, Picket?"

Picket (a little fed-up). "Er—horse line, 'shun! From the right—NUMBER!!"



Officer (to applicant for War-work). "What's your name?"

Ex-flapper. "Cissie."





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#### TERRORS OF THE SCOTTISH LANGUAGE.

*Housemaid in Glasgow Hotel.* "Ye canna gang to the bathroom the aoo."  
*Sassenach.* "Why not?" *Housemaid.* "There's a body in the bath."



#### ECHOES OF THE AIR-RAIDS.

*First Souvenir-hunter.* "Found anylink, 'Erb?"  
*Second ditto.* "No, but that'll be all right. They're sure to come again termorrer night."



#### THE IRREPRESSIBLES.

Tommy. "And to think there's a music-hall comedian at home getting three hundred quid a week for singing 'The Army of to-day's all right!'"



Officer (to sentry, who claims to have killed a German who was attempting to swim the canal). "But how do you know you killed him?"

Sentry. "Well, Sir, as soon as 'e sees me 'e dives. I throws a bomb at him, and then I sees oil come to the surface."



THE RANGE-FINDERS.

A vision of the coming winter under coal control restrictions.



# HARVEST HOME, 1918.

With Mr. Punch's joyous congratulations to the Minister of Agriculture



*Win-the-War Sergeant.* "Remember the golden rule, Gentlemen. Keep a leg each side of the horse and you can't come off."



**WITH THE L.E.F.**

*Tommy.* "Bong jorno, Signora. Any apples to-day?"

*Signora.* "Non, niente. English—Napoo."



*Old Lady.* "Can you tell me what is inside the sandbags, young man?"  
*Special.* "Sand, Ma'am—hence the name."



**ANOTHER CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR.**

"And what was your reason for deserting your wife?"      "Religious motives, Sir. She was making an idol of me."





#### THE LEAGUE OF ABDICATIONS.

*Ex-King of Greece.* "Hello, Ferdie! Seen anything of William?"

*Ex-King of Bulgaria.* "He's somewhere behind. He'll join us a bit later."



### THE NEWEST ARMY.

*Subaltern.* "Of course I can't ask you to mess, Dad; but get yourself some extras at the canteen with this."  
(Hands his parent half-a-crown.)



*First Inexpressible (from the other platform).* "What ho, Charley? Got a bit o' leave?"

*Second ditto (from this).* "Yus."

*First ditto.* "When yer going back?"

*Second ditto.* "Tuesday midnight—if it's fine!"



First Caddie (reading). "'It is rumoured that the Kaiser has abdicated.' Wot's that, Bill?"  
Second ditto. "It means 'e's so many down to bogey 'e's tore up 'is bloomin' card."



BEATING THE U. BOATS IN OUR GARDEN SUBURB.  
Saturday Evening Onion Parade.



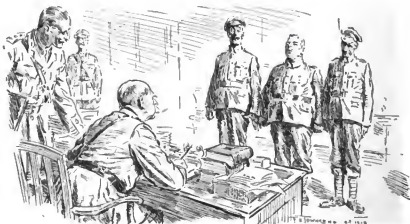
THE STRESS OF WAR.  
Our Garden Suburb bends to the Storm.



*Golf Enthusiast* (on her return from following important match—ecstatically). "Oh, Mother! The champion spoke to me!"

*Mother*. "How interesting, dear. What did he say?"

*Enthusiast*. "'Stand aside, there!'"



Colonel. "Is it true you struck Private Jones?"  
Private Maloney (addicted to politics). "The answer is in the infirmary, Sir."



#### THE THREAT.

"Nah then, Augustus, just you keep in yer depth there, else you'll 'ave the lifeboat after yer."



ANOTHER FROG-AND-BULL STORY.

*The Frog.* "Acting on the advice of my friends I have decided to postpone further distension."



#### THE HAZARD.

*Mr. Lloyd George (using heavy niblick). "I don't say it's a showy weapon and I don't say it suits my well-known free style, but it's the only one for the situation."*



## HOLIDAY JOYS.

"Would 'you care to make up a rubber, Sir? That is, if you don't mind playing with strangers."  
 "Not at all. As a matter of fact I very rarely get a game with any of my friends."



Tommy (homeward bound and determined not to disappoint). "Why, Missy, three days before the Armistice the air was that thick with aeroplanes the birds had to get down and walk."





"What are you trying to do, No. 4?"

"It's no good, Instructor; I ain't got no head for heights."



#### THE SWUNG FLOOR.

Binks (at last torn from the refreshment room, where he has spent the first five dances). "Am I, or does it?"



#### THE DELIVERER.

*Locomotive (stationary through strike). "Once aboard the lorry and the girl is mine—no more!"*



An appeal for the Middlesex Hospital will be made for donations to wipe out a debt of £20,000; to carry out repairs postponed during the War; to meet the increased cost of every commodity, and to provide fresh accommodation for the Out-Patient Department, designed for less than half the present attendance (50,000 a year). The Hospital comprises General Wards with a capacity of 361 beds; a Cancer Charity (92 beds); a Convalescent Home at Clacton-on-Sea; Research Laboratories and a Children's Welcome Centre. This noble work stands in instant need of the generous help of the public, and Mr. Punch begs his readers of their charity to assure its continuance. Contributions to the Prince of Wales's list should be addressed to The Earl of Athlone, The Middlesex Hospital, W.



Newly-crowned Cotton King (with the plover's eggs). "Ere, my lad, take these darn things away. They're 'ard-boiled and absolutely stone-cold."



*Eminent London Architect submitting his designs to our Village Victory Memorial Committee and quarring to his work). "... and, surmounting the whole, a graceful figure of Victory, with wreath—on"*



*Mistress. "Can you explain how it is, Jane, that whenever I come into the kitchen I always find you reading?"*  
*Jane. "I think it must be them rubber 'eels you wears, Ma'am."*



#### ANOTHER TURKISH CONCESSION.

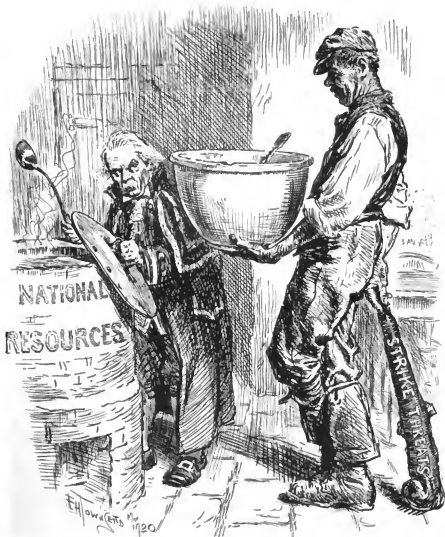
*Turkey (anxious to save the Peace Conference from embarrassment). "Europe! with all thy faults I love thee still. If thou insistest, I am prepared to stay with thee, bag and baggage."*



"WANTED."

*Holland.* "So you say you'd like me to surrender the ex-Kaiser?"

*Entente Policeman.* "Well, ma'am, I didn't go so far as that. I only asked you for him."



**"OLIVER 'ASKS' FOR MORE."**

*Mines.* "You'll be sorry one of these days that you didn't give me Nationalisation."

*Premier.* "If you keep on like this there won't be any Nation left to nationalise."



#### WHITSUN AUCTION AT OUR BOARDING-HOUSE.

*Ruffled Veteran (whose partner has not led her suit against a "three no-trumps"), "NOT HAVING (realises the enormity of her offence)—er—er—played the game before, partner?"*



*Reveiler. "So it's you who've turning the street round, is it?"*





*Enthusiastic Lady (at Musical At Home).* "Do you remember what this tune is out of, Doctor? Used to be all the rage when we were in our 'teens. Tum—tum—tum—tum—tum—tum—tum—tum?"  
*Eminent Dyspepsia Specialist.* "The words are familiar."



*Mistress.* "Too many weeds, William."  
*William.* "Let 'em bide, Mam. Nothing like weeds to show young plants 'ow to grow."



## L'ENFANT TERRIBLE.

*Young Turk.* "I will fight to the death for our national honour."

*Old Turk.* "Well, if you must. But I wash my hands of the whole business—unless, of course, you win."



Cotter (reassuringly). "It's ori right, mum. 'E's 'ad 'is breakfast."



Mollie. "Auntie, don't cats go to heaven?"

Auntie. "No, my dear. Didn't you hear the Vicar say at the Children's Service that animals hadn't souls and therefore could not go to heaven?"

Mollie. "Where do they get the strings for the harps, then?"



*Prospective Mistress.* "Are you a consistently early riser?"

*Maid.* "Not at all! Why, Mum, in my last place the master's pet name for me was 'the early worm.'"



*Wicket-keeper (by way of showing sympathy to victim of demon bowler).* "Rum game, cricket."



*Aspiring Solicitor (speaking in telephone with the idea of impressing supposed client).* "Yes, tell the Lord Chancellor I will lunch with him, and shall be very happy to give him the benefit of my advice in the matter his lordship mentioned. Good-bye. Now what can I do for you, Sir?"

*Supposed Client.* "Well, I've come about your telephone, Sir, which I understand from your letter to us has been completely out of working order since yesterday."



*Fond Parent (who has done pretty well in woolsens).* "Well, Sonny, we've decided to give you the best education that money can buy. After all, you won't have to do anything except be a gentleman."



*Informative Fielder (to batsman who seems inclined to weigh the situation). "That's out, George."*



*Mistress. "Would you like to go out this afternoon, Mabel?"*

*Mabel. "I am going out."*



#### A SEA-VIEW OF THE SITUATION.

*Indignant Lodging-House Keeper.* "And to think of that there Eric wanting to squeeze the poor holiday-makers before I gets at 'em."



### THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS.

The "Flapper seat" and its holiday problems.



French Visitor (inspecting artificial silk stockings). "Soie?"  
 Shopman (formerly of the B.E.F., resourcefully). "Well, scarcely, Madam; shall we say 'soi-disant'?"

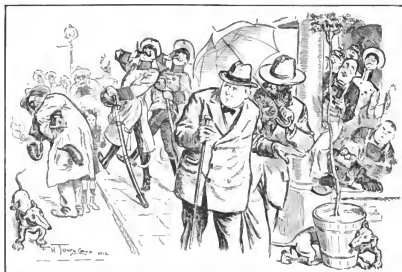


## POLITICAL AND PARLIAMENTARY SKETCHES



THE WILD WEST: LATEST PHASE.

Fancy portrait of a Taft-hunter reluctantly taking to the trail.

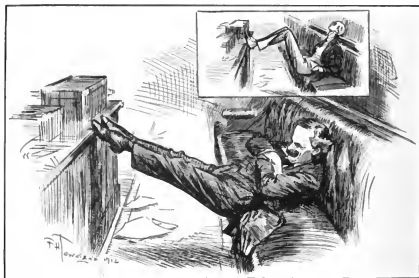


OUR LORD HALDANE IN GERMANY.

[“I am credibly informed he went with a friend who by the cut of his beard was identified in Germany as being either the Prime Minister or myself.”—*Sir Edward Grey in the House of Commons.*]



The Premier sits out.



"As Prince Arthur [inset] used to do."  
(The Chancellor of the Exchequer)



Prince Arthur (complacently reflecting during Home Rule debate). "Poor old Bonar! That's the worst of being a leader—one has to keep awake!"



#### HOGMANAY IN LONDON.

At the New Year's Eve Supper, given by the Senior Liberal Whip by way of consolation to the Scottish Members, the Brothers Wason bring down the house.



Asquith, Balfour, Lloyd George and Edward Grey, being over military age, are, after severe scrutiny, allowed to leave the country for a short trip to Paris.



ALL FOR IRELAND—A WAR-TIME HARMONY.  
Mr. Bonar Law, Mr. Redmond, Sir Edward Carson.



SIR EDWARD GREY ON BULGARIA.



"A pas seul among the eggs of Greece."  
LORD ROBERT CECIL.



FINANCIAL OPTIMISM.  
Mr. Micawber Asquith.



Mr. John Redmond. "I've finished  
with the British Empire—



A TRUE IRISHMAN.

—except, bedad, that we're  
going to beat the Bosch!



Has Lord Kitchener, in his passionate desire to encourage the Volunteers, ever thought of the untapped resources of the Tower of London?



The Speaker (lapsing for the first time from Parliamentary etiquette at the sight of Sir George Reid ready to take his seat in the House). "Advance, Australia!"



Colonel Churchill (arriving post-haste at the House of Commons from the Front, on April 18). "Come I too late for the Premier's statement?"

Constable. "On the contrary, Sir, you're a day too early."

[The Constable was in error. He should have said a week.]



#### THE DARE-DEVILS OF COMMERCE.

Encouraged by our recent success as racehorse owners we have now started a coal department. Deal direct with us (the owners) and avoid all middle profits. Yours obediently, Asquith, Law and Co., Unlimited.



#### PERSUASIVE PURRING.

Mr. Bruce.



Tim Healy nipping in with interjection.



THE RIPOSTE.

Mr. McKenna.

Sir Auckland Geddes.



PENSIONS.

Mr. Hodge.



"HERE I AM!"

Sir Edward Carson.



Mr. Winston Churchill (with eye on the Air Board). "Any uniform suits me, thank you."



Mr. Duke. "Here, I say——"

Mr. Redmond. "Sure an' I'm sorry, but the gentleman behind pushed me."





**FORWARD THE BHOYS OF THE OULD BRIGADE!**

Don Quixote O'Brien and Sancho Panza Devlin on the war-path



**A GOOD BEDSIDE MANNER.**

Sir Auckland Geddes.



Mr. Lloyd George (pumping up his second-hand 1916 Westminster).  
"I hope the old 'bus is good for another six months."



**BO-PEEP**  
Lord Curzon



**A NEW FORCE IN POLITICS.**  
The De Valera Girl.



**LADIES IN GOVERNMENT MOTOR-CARS.**  
General Seely.  
"Well, hardly ever."



Duke of Venice (the Lord Chancellor), to Portia. "You are welcome : take your place."—*Merchant of Venice*, Act IV. Sc 1.



UNFINISHED DRAWING FOR "PUNCH."

The figure of the little girl was sketched on the morning of F. H. Townsend's death. The legend which this picture was to illustrate is not known.











